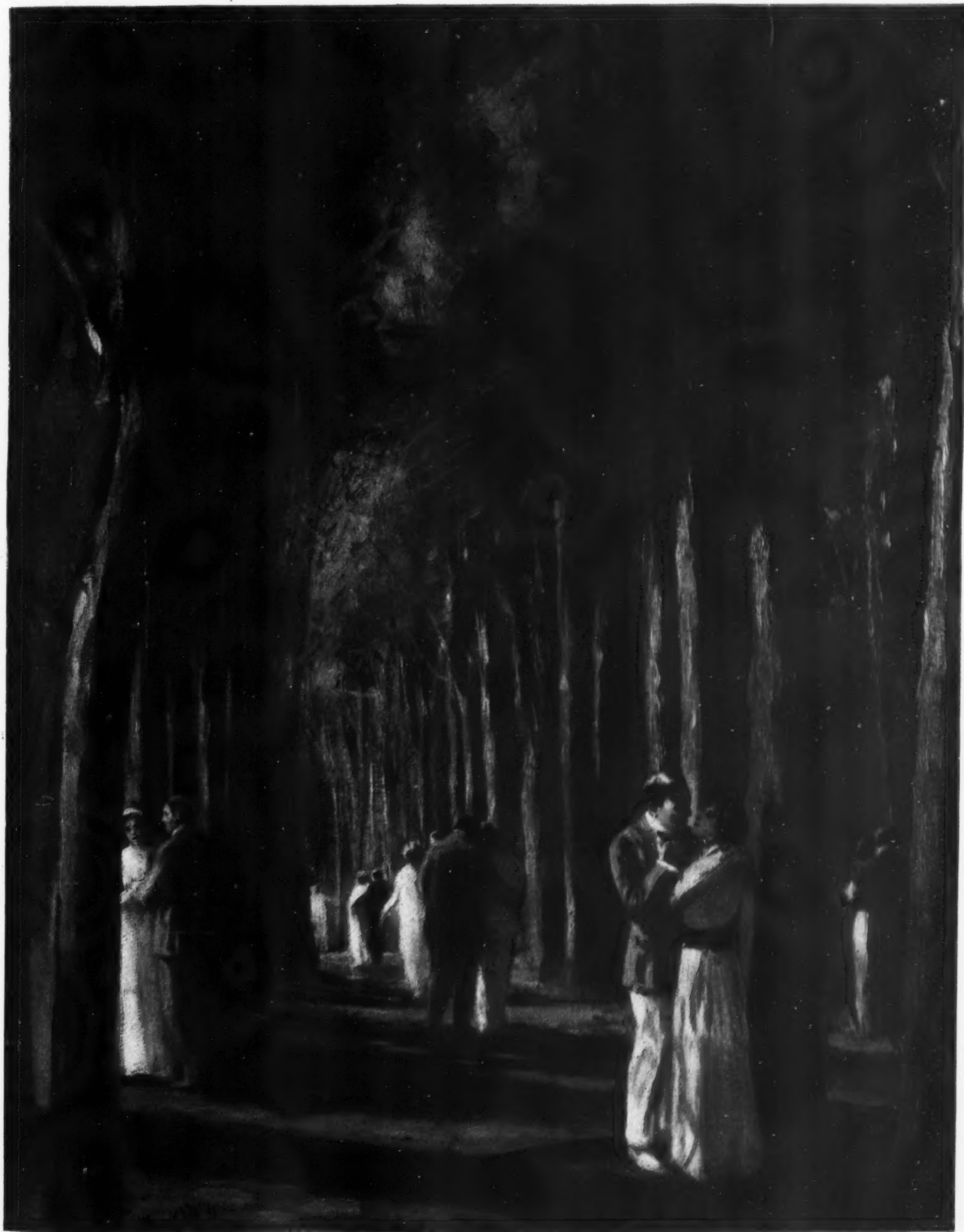


Suck

WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 5, 1914

PRICE TEN CENTS



PAINTED BY POWER O'MALLEY

THE PATH OF LEAST RESISTANCE



Substantial Appreciation

Favorable comment is heard on all sides about the manner in which **The New York Evening Post** presents the European War situation to its Readers. **The Evening Post** is not endowed with any supernatural or superior facilities so far as telegraphs or cables are concerned, but a stand for truth and accuracy has made **The Evening Post** war news a synonym for reliability.

The best evidence of the appreciation of *The Evening Post* by the reading public is the increase in circulation, since the war started, of over 50%. This is a tribute to the highest-priced afternoon newspaper of general circulation in America. The informed man does not measure the difference between a penny and three cents when it comes to measuring accuracy.

Countless thousands of newspaper readers have asked themselves—“How can I put my faith in the war news I read in many newspapers?” Rumor after rumor is accepted as fact by some newspapers and so-called “buncombe” extras are foisted upon the public, eager to get the news.

Newspaper readers, weary from the struggle of separating the wheat from the chaff in war news, are in the position of the reader who aptly expressed himself when he said, “I was compelled to read the so-called war news and then to ‘unread’ it again, in order to have a fair knowledge of the day’s happenings, until I put my faith in *The Evening Post*.”

One hundred years ago, during the second war with England and at the conclusion of the Napoleonic wars, *The Evening Post* printed reliable war news with a steadfast determination to keep within the bounds of dependability, as shown by the notice printed on August 6th, 1814:

“Yesterday a report got into circulation (and obtained some credit) that the enemy’s fleet

had been descried descending the bay in great numbers. We have traced the report and believe it has no foundation.”

A century later, almost to the day, during the present great world struggle there appeared the following editorial in *The New York Evening Post*.

“So far as the press of this country is concerned it faces its most difficult undertaking. *The Evening Post* will spare no effort to separate the wheat from the chaff, and to give its readers as trustworthy news as can be obtained. A specially organized section of its staff will subject all news to most rigid editing and to as intelligent explanation as possible. Whenever the news warrants, extras will be issued.”

Don’t waste your time reading manufactured war news. Get *The New York Evening Post* for 3c daily and 5c Saturday (including magazine) and you get your money’s worth and more besides—a lasting satisfaction.

The unprecedented growth of *The Evening Post* has made this newspaper reach a greater number of people than ever before in its 113 years of history, and its readers from day to day get the cumulative result of over 100 years of effort to produce the most dependable journal in America.

The story of “The World War from Day to Day,” carefully edited, will be a daily feature—invaluable for the scholar, the student, business or professional man, or for the home circle.

Special Offer

The Evening Post,
20 Vesey St., N. Y.

For \$1.00 enclosed you may
send the New York Evening
Post daily for two months.

Name

No. Street. R.F.D.

Post Office. State.

If you have not been a regular reader of The New York Evening Post join the ranks of the many thoughtful men and women in diverse walks of life who are constant readers. Subscription \$10 a year, 85c a month. Try it for two months at SPECIAL WAR rate (\$1.00). Clip the Coupon.

Puck

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Terms Puck is mailed to subscribers at \$5.00 per year, or \$2.50 for six months. Canadian subscriptions, \$5.50 per year, \$2.75 for six months; Foreign, \$6.00 per year, \$3.00 for six months. All communications should be addressed to the Puck Publishing Corporation. Puck will use its best care with MSS., but cannot be held responsible for their loss. MSS. sent in by mail should be accompanied by a self-addressed and stamped envelope or wrapper, otherwise they cannot be returned.



"The Revolt" Wins \$100

ANOTHER newcomer—at least to PUCK—wins this week's \$100 prize. The judges have awarded first place to "The Revolt," a well-sustained piece of humor by William Massce, of New York. PUCK's weekly prize continues to be a topic of discussion in literary circles, and the quality of the stories that have carried off the award has been of an unusually high character. In sending in your entry, mark it "Prize Contest," and keep all prose within a thousand words. Verse should not run over seventy-five lines. The only right reserved by PUCK is the privilege of buying at regular rates all MSS. entered. Postage for a possible return should always accompany contributions.

Puck



A Roster of Humorists

PUCK worships no fetish of names. No periodical has shown a more independent spirit in throwing its columns open to all writers who had a genuinely entertaining story to tell, yet we cannot refrain from expressing a measure of pride in the representative list of writers who have helped to make the last few numbers of PUCK truly notable. Some of the best known humorists of America are now contributing regularly to PUCK—not because their names carry conviction, but because their work is worthy of appearance in these pages. By the same token, PUCK felt called upon within a fortnight to decline a story by one of the foremost writers in the English language, because it fell far short of the standard set by PUCK. To many of our readers PUCK is new; but with closer acquaintance will come a deeper appreciation of the unvaryingly high requirements maintained by "America's Cleverest Weekly."



Puck at the Play

FOOTLIGHTS are scheduled to twinkle within another fortnight, and PUCK would play his part with ill grace were he lax in his attention to the stage and its people. The drama will be covered this season by two men of nationwide experience—James Hunecker from the purely critical standpoint, and George Jean Nathan from the lighter side of green room gossip. We doubt if any other periodical has laid more thorough plans for the fair and unprejudiced consideration of theatrical offerings, or placed the carrying out of these plans in abler hands. See that "PUCK's Directory of New York Productions" becomes your weekly guide to the theatres during the coming season.

"An Unexpected Shock"

WE sympathize with this reader. His feelings upon seeing the new PUCK must have been akin to those of the youngster whose eyes pop out when the prestidigitator deftly turns an omelette out of an old silk hat.

"Dear PUCK:

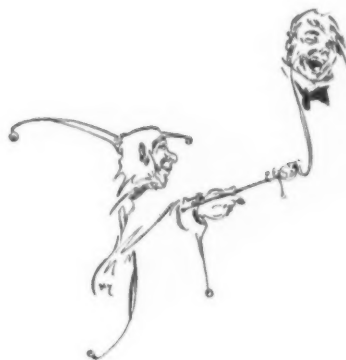
"I note a distinctive improvement in PUCK, which I have purchased every now and then from force of habit acquired in my youth, and not from any expectation of being amused, for several seasons past. Consequently, my surprise on picking up recent issues and finding myself actually laughing, was as complete as if I had grabbed the handles of an old, played-out galvanic battery, and received an unexpected shock!

"Somebody has evidently been putting in new batteries and polishing up the bright works, for the new PUCK scintillates as it used to in the days when I considered

it the funniest publication in the whole world. True, my juvenile horizon was somewhat limited in those days, and I had not seen *Simplicissimus*—broadly if brutally humorous—and *Jugend*, which I buy on account of its excellent pictures.

"Yours,

"WILLARD HOLCOMB."



Eavesdropped!

WE couldn't help overhearing the conversation. Two men had just approached the news-stand, and one of them bought PUCK. The ensuing dialogue disproves the ancient wheeze that "an eavesdropper hears nothing but ill of himself."

"PUCK?" inquired the one who was content with his newspaper; "I haven't heard of PUCK for years."

"Neither had I," confessed the PUCK purchaser, "until two months ago. I get it every week now."

"What makes you prefer it to —?" naming one of PUCK's contemporaries.

"Because PUCK has no grouch. In two months of close attention, I haven't found a line that was not cheerful, inspiring, or interesting."

We would like to employ this discerning reader to go about the country spreading good tidings. We can heartily applaud his judgment.

PUCK on Probation

PUCK welcomes being put on probation. The little imp knows from experience that once he gets his foot in the door-jam, his stay in that particular home is to be a long and a happy one. A dollar bill pinned to this coupon insures a weekly visit from Puck for the next thirteen weeks, and at the end of that probationary period, if you do not agree that you have had a dollar's worth of rollicking good humor, we'll promise not to ask you for a renewal. If you are already receiving PUCK, is there not some friend to whom its visits would prove a pleasure? You'll be surprised at the genuine philanthropy to which a dollar can be put by placing PUCK in a home where it is not a regular visitor.

Puck

301 Lafayette St.
New York

Enclosed find one dollar
(Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.26),
for which send Puck, for three
months, to

One Year \$5.00 Canadian \$5.50 Foreign \$6.00



By NELSON GREENE

FRANKENSTEIN
Pursued by a Monster of Their Own Creation



"What Fools These Mortals Be!"

VOL. LXXVI. No. 1957. WEEK ENDING SEPT. 5, 1914

Established, 1877. Puck is the oldest humorous publication in America—and the newest

THE PRESIDENT: AN APPRECIATION

The cloud of European war should have in this country a silver lining of sober thanksgiving. President Wilson need issue no special thanksgiving proclamation two months hence. The absence of "entangling alliances" with other powers affords striking ground for national thanksgiving at the present moment. But transcending all other considerations, the American's best cause for self-congratulation is the presence of Woodrow Wilson in the White House.

In time of peace, it is hard to resist the glamor and lure of militarism. Patriotism, in the minds of many, is exclusively associated with a display of armor and armament. It represents but a hysterical rivalry with other nations in the construction of the "biggest guns" and the "biggest battleships." There is something attractive about war—in time of peace. "Glory" is truly glorious—when troops wear full dress uniforms, when the band plays and there is no list of dead and wounded. Any man may safely preach peace in time of war. But it takes a man with a new notion of duty and patriotism to preach peace in time of peace; to protest, even at the risk of personal popularity, against the rampant ingoism so generally mistaken for love of country. Such a man is Woodrow Wilson.

In a previous issue we took occasion to speak of the President's great service to the nation. In reality, his labors in behalf of peace represent no greater service now than they did in the winter and spring, but the national viewpoint has changed, and they seem greater. They now are appraised at their true value. The "spineless executive" has suddenly become a "savior." His policy of "watchful waiting," by shift of viewpoint, has become the pride, rather than the "shame" of the United States. But the policy is the same; and the President is the same. It is the people who have changed, and they have been sobered by the grim fact of war.

President Wilson may preach peace now without a dissenting voice—unless it be the voice of some fire-eating Congressman with a sense-proof head. An occasional eagle-shriek, an occasional flag-flaunting, from one or more of these, may be expected before the grim business in the opposite hemisphere is over and as complications arise that threaten the equanimity of the United States, but from such irritants no harm can come save to the larynx of the orator. The country is back of its President.

We are often moved to ask ourselves if the boasted commercial sense of America is as highly developed as might be indicated by the claims set forth in its behalf. We have heard after-dinner speeches without number in which the American eagle fairly spread itself over the map



of international trade to the utter extinction of all other industrial peoples.

It remained for a great war to dwarf our commercial system in the scheme of things and reveal a pitiable sense of helplessness.

A yearly trade of nearly \$700,000,000 has been divided by Great Britain and Germany upon our very threshold. So far as commerce was concerned, the existence of the United States of America has been completely ignored by the rich and prosperous republics of South America.

Now that the two factors in the upbuilding of this continent are at war, the ocean traffic that has been pouring riches into European coffers might well be diverted into our ports—and the opportunity finds us without means to take advantage of the golden chance.

Two factors have united to bar us from this enormous market, which by every right should have been ours years ago.

The first is the refusal of the American manufacturer to understand our southern neighbors, to study their needs, or to pack their shipments intelligently once an order is secured. American bankers have been outgeneraled at every point by the extension of German credits in virtually every nook and cranny of South America, and the entire American commercial invasion of that continent has been farcical.

The second discouraging factor in our defeat in these markets has been the indifference of our consular system to a situation which, requiring keen perception, has been bungled by men strangely unequipped to see or seize a commercial advantage.

We complain about dull times at home. Orders

aggregating \$700,000,000 await us in South America. Germany and Great Britain cannot fill them.

Shall we fill them, or shall we continue to send a drummer out to Johnson's Corners to see why Hank Hollis ordered only one keg of nails where he used to order two.

Let's get out of the picayune class and do our business on an international scale.

According to the account given by the London "Times," Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, irritated over the breach of diplomatic relations which he saw impending, abruptly asked Sir Edward Goschen:

"Why should you make war on us for a scrap of paper?"

This "scrap of paper" contained a solemn guarantee of the neutrality of Belgium signed by the governments of Germany and Great Britain.—*Peace Post-mortems.*

What is a treaty between nations when the lust for empire unseats reason? Are all such compacts entered into solemnly by the powers of the world to be thrown aside as "scraps of paper"? Certainly, in the recognition of this "scrap of paper" England went far to disprove the sobriquet of "perfidious Albion," and has set an example of treaty obligations which, if followed by other signatory powers would have prevented the present miserable slaughter.

"The opinion of the 'Staats-Zeitung' general staff is divided as to the policy of Germany after the occupation of Belgium."—*Field Marshal Herman Rüdiger.*

Thus do complications, unexpected and vexatious, beset the Kaiser's path. Fortunately, some of the cables are still working.



SOUTH AMERICAN TRADE

When the cats of Europe are away, the American mice will play—if they are wise

AND SO FORTH

Harold Delancey and Eleanor Munson had climbed to the topmost rock of the rugged and romantic cliff which looked out over the boundless expanse of waters to the East. It was the last day of their summer vacation at beautiful Mereview. They stood side by side, gazing out to sea, when she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, Harold, isn't it wonderful?"

But he did not reply. He did not hear her, in fact. His thoughts were elsewhere. He was thinking of just such a day the year before when, with another and a fairer creature, he had climbed up to this self-same spot, the topmost rock of the rugged and romantic cliff which looked out over the boundless expanse of waters to the East. It was the last day of their summer vacation at beautiful Mereview. They stood side by side, gazing out to sea, when she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, Harold, isn't it wonderful?"

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"My Dear Man, What's the Use of Trying to Split Hairs With Me?"

out over the boundless expanse of waters to the East. It was the last day of their summer vacation at beautiful Mereview. They stood side by side, gazing out to sea, when she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, Harold, isn't it wonderful?"

But he did not reply — and so forth. Repeat *ad libitum*.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

UNCLE EZRA: Do you think the new dances

show that people are becoming more immoral?

UNCLE EBEN: Wal, I dunno, but since the summer-boarders introduced them here we ain't had a single old-fashioned kissing-game.



THE BLEMISH

DRAWN BY K. R. CHAMBERLAIN

MRS. NEWROX: And, oh! we've got the loveliest oil painting by Carrot! But I won't show it to you to-day—the frame got scratched in unpacking!

THE BEGINNING IS THE END

BEING A BULLETINED ACCOUNT OF A VERY WARM OR CHILE CON CARNIVAL, I. E., THE DOPE SHEET ON LAKE HOOHOOOTA'S ANNUAL MIDSUMMER WATER FAKE

2.00. The sun is hot.

2.01. So is everybody else.

2.04. Usual false alarm. Fat man in home-made motor boat (which next Sunday is going to quietly disintegrate) says that Carnival is now going to begin. Sardonic dyspeptic argues that since the First Event on the Program (Tub Race for Boys under Fifteen) is scheduled for a quarter past two, it can't possibly be pulled off a minute earlier than a quarter to three. If the Carnival begins within a half-hour of the time set, said sardonic dyspeptic will and hereby does agree to eat two helpings of the nourishing but mysterious dessert with which the Inn ends its noon-day meal.

2.05. The Referee's Boat (Alicia—45 h. p.) scoots up to the start. Leaves a large wake—great excitement.



The clean-cut young bond-salesman

2.07. Everybody says that things will be under way very soon. Who says that? Why, everybody.

2.09. The sun is still hot.

2.10. The Referee's Boat (Alicia—45 h. p.) now goes down course to finish. Tremendous excitement.

2.15. The Referee's Boat (Alicia—45 h. p.) wooshes

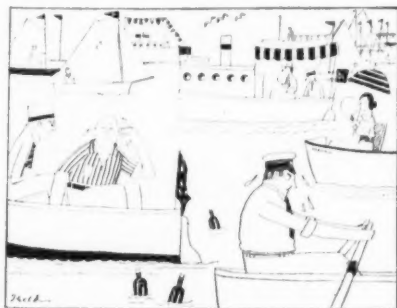
back to start carrying a gentleman with a steam calliope voice and a megaphone. This person wishes to say—but we will quote him word for word: "Blah-blah hoo hubbwah oo-whay wah!" Does he mean that the Tub Race for Boys under Fifteen is about to be perpetrated? We hope so.

2.20. If anything the sun is a little hotter.

2.25. Little Henry Benthussen, aged four, the one in the large green rowboat with his papa and mamma and five sisters and brothers, wants to know why they don't shoot the wo-min can-dils. Papa hopes that if they shoot anybody it will be the man who discovered Lake Hoohoota.

2.30. The Referee's Boat (Alicia—45 h. p.) rages down the line again. Intense excitement. The referee seems calm, unperturbed, and important. Maybe President Wilson has just telegraphed the referee to come down to Washington and run things for a while. Maybe so.

2.36. Not so. The Referee's Boat (Alicia—45 h. p.) has turned around and is now surging back to the start. Have a little patience, men.



The sun is getting hotter

2.40. On the other side of the lake, at Cragmere Cottage, Mrs. Van Welter looks up from the veranda table and asks her hostess why



JUST BETWEEN FRIENDS

THE PLUMP ONE: My chin is getting all sunburnt.
THE SLIM ONE: What do you care? You've got another!

those odd little boats are so flaggy. Her hostess: "It's those funny summah people thinking they'ah enjoying themselves. Ahn't they wee-ud and dreadful though! Your deal, my deah."

2.50. The sun is at the old stand doing business. The sun seems to think that Lake Hoohoota is on the equator, or anyhow down in South Texas. Gosh whata swelter!

2.53. Business of glimpsing small boy on bank in abbreviated costume. Hope revives. Maybe he is one of the entries in the Tub Race for Boys under Fifteen.



Who is the young lady beside the referee?

National League has dissolved; President Wilson is learning the maxixe, and the Kaiser has shaved off his moustache.

3.04. The sun continues. This is because the sun has had a good start. The Commodore of the Hoohoota Yacht Club had a good start at nine o'clock this morning. He always has a good start. Why won't somebody start that condemned Tub Race.

3.10. Again little Henry Benthussen wants to know why they don't shoot the wo-min can-dils. Little Henry, if he would like to know it, is just about four seconds away from a good sound spanking. Papa wishes he was dead, but Mamma likes it because she knows the open air is good for the children.

3.15. Henry Wilbert, the aggressive clean-cut bond-salesman from the City, is out in a canoe for the first time. He can't swim. Many hope that if he tips over somebody will save the canoe.

3.30. You wouldn't think that the sun could be getting hotter, but it is.

3.36. The Referee's Boat (Alicia—45 h. p.) is shaking all over with excitement. As it races

along the course the man with the megaphone assures us solemnly that: "Blah-hoo-wah mahoo jah wah-wah." It sounds very reasonable.

3.42. Extra! The small boy on shore is NOT an entry. He has just pegged a rock at the merry-makers, thereby putting an unmendable hole in the silk umbrella of Mrs. Jere Klingpenny. Jere gave her that umbrella in 1879, but if he doesn't shake down the Carnival Arrangement Committee for \$10 it will be because his hand has lost its cunning. Jere likes the Water Carnival, because it doesn't cost anything. But will he attend the Subscription Tango at the Inn tonight? He will not.

3.53. If little Henry Benthussen asks once more about the wo-min can-dils he will get his right there before everybody. But Mamma is wearing a placid smile, so the chances are that Papa is only making one of his usual mistakes.

3.56. The Referee's Boat (Alicia—45 h. p.) once again. But who is the young lady sitting beside the referee? A choice bit of scandal here or we are no judge. Is she not the Person who last summer was asked to leave the Inn? She is. A shudder runs down the serried ranks of rowboats.

3.59. The sun is getting hotter. Gosh! You'd think it would be all tired out.

4.10. Great and continued excitement. Small boy in bathing suit seen in Referee's Boat (Alicia—45 h. p.), which is squiffing away to the start. Hooroar! We're gonna begin!

4.16. Hope continues to rise. Megaphone man says: "Hooowah blah oo-wadjah."

4.20. Two very miniature small boys climb into tubs.

4.21½. One of them tips over.

4.21¾. The other tips over.

4.22. The sun is getting hotter. The Referee's Boat (Alicia—45 h. p.)

AW! LET'S GO HOME!



One of them tips over

New Chopin Letters

Frederic Chopin had neither the literary aptitude nor the general culture of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy, and his letters, first given to the world by Moritz Karazowski, in 1877, do not make such capital reading as do those of the German composer. The graceful sentences that, like swallows, flit across the pages of Felix, with his wit and wisdom, are not to be found duplicated in the Chopin correspondence. Nevertheless, a shy charm exhales from the often awkward communications sent by the great Pole to his family and friends at Warsaw. In 1828 the young piano-virtuoso went to Berlin in company with Professor Jarocki, and there attended a congress of naturalists, where he met the mighty Alexander Von Humboldt. His letter telling of the Berlin of that time was addressed to a school friend, Titus Woyciechowski, and is reproduced in the Karazowski volume, as are his Viennese letters. So it is with more than passing interest that we read several new letters recently unearthed in Warsaw, and translated into German. It is related that Chopin would rather walk half way across Paris than write a letter. The bulk of his correspondence is not large, and many letters addressed to his family were destroyed during the pillage of Warsaw by the Russians in 1863. The length of the newly-discovered missives must be set down to youthful effervescence. In them the future Chopin is foreshadowed—caressing, sarcastic, sprightly, flattering, sometimes peevish, jealous, full of love for his parents and his native land.

First Visit to Vienna

It was on July 31st, 1829, that Chopin entered the Austrian capital. At that time Vienna prided itself on being the centre of the musical world. After flouting him during his lifetime it made much pother over the dead Beethoven, and there were some amateurs to be found who admired the songs of a certain Franz Schubert, by name, whose music was caviar to the general public. Chopin carried some letters of introduction, among others one to Kapellmeister Wurfel, who had lived in Warsaw, and was a friend of the two preceptors of Chopin, Joseph Elsner and Zwiny, not to mention the composer's father. In a lengthy letter to his friend Titus—with the above terrific patrymonic—he relates how he played at Count Gallenberg's, and thus was enabled to make a public appearance at the Imperial Opera House—August 11th, 1829, was the precise date. Haslinger, the well-known music publisher, unbent, and no less than three pianoforte manufacturers came on the scene offering the use of their instruments to the budding celebrity, the report of whose ability had quickly spread. But Frederic had only a small room on the Kohlmarkt, and was forced to decline. Time brings changes, but the psychology of the pianoforte maker does not alter. Chopin did not practice for his debut, feeling sure of his fingers. At the rehearsal, he tells Titus, everything was at sixes and sevens with the orchestra. Disliking their leader, Wurfel, suspicious of the unknown Pole, the men mixed matters badly in the accompaniment to Chopin's original Rondo Krakowiak—so badly indeed that Count Gallenberg, the impresario, advised Chopin to cut out the Rondo, and instead improvise. Thereat, adds Chopin, the members of the orchestra made "big eyes." They had heard Beethoven and Hummel improvise; this slim youngster of twenty must have a good opinion of himself to attempt such a feat before the carping Vienna public.

His Success

Chopin knew what he was about. He began with his variations, opus 2, on a theme from "Don Juan" ("La ci darem la mano," over which Schumann later became enthusiastic, crying: "Hats off, gentlemen! a genius"), accompanied by the band,



The Seven Arts by James Huneker

By C. B. FALLS

such things he had enjoyed when a wonder-child in Poland. He wrote Titus about the success of his second concert. Hummel, Herz, Moscheles, and others, were Viennese favorites; for the moment Chopin overshadowed them. He met and admired Fraulein Blahetka, a Vienna born pianiste, a daughter of the editor of the *Wiener Zeitung*. During a short period the situation seemed serious. Was Chopin in danger of forgetting his beloved Constantia Gladowska? Apparently not. He soon left Vienna for Warsaw, more than satisfied with his triumphs.

The second sojourn at Vienna, from the end of November, 1830, to July, 1831, was not so satisfactory. Poland was in the throes of a revolution. The Viennese did not like the Poles, and Chopin writes that one evening while sitting in an Italian restaurant he heard a man loudly proclaim that "the good God made a mistake when he created the Poles." Another wit followed this sally with: "In Polen ist nichts zu holen" (Chopin gives the original German phrase in his letter to Jan Matuszynski). No wonder he suddenly left his table, crying, "Dogs!" Revolutionary ideas fired his blood. He congratulated Jan on going to the war, and wished that at least he might play the drums. Wurfel, conductor at the Karntherthor theatre, was amiable, and Dr. Malfatti, a lover of music, and physician at the court, showed him many attentions. But Chopin was moody, troubled by thoughts of home, and suffered profoundly from ennui—the penalty he paid for his exquisitely attuned and unquestionably neurasthenic temperament. He describes to Jan Matuszynski his daily life. His apartment is high up, yet Hummel and other pianists visit him; also Joseph Czerny (no relation of Carl Czerny, the pedagogue, and Liszt's early teacher, though he met him several times). He rises late, takes his coffee, or lets it grow cold while he plays—he has now a Graf concert grand pianoforte, a favorite in those days. A friend enters. More music. Then dinner and a promenade (they still dine at midday in Vienna). The bored Chopin dresses for the evening, and further bores himself till midnight at soirees or balls, where he meets Prince Dietrichstein, the Abbe Stadler, Karl Maria Von Bocklet (a friend of Beethoven and Schubert), the Schwarzenbergs, the Wrbnas, and other aristocrats; then home to dream, perchance to weep, or to play out upon the keyboard the longing and the world weariness which torments him, else to thrum with slender fingers upon the window-panes—with those magical fingers which Balzac declared had only to drum on a table to make

The Polish Revolution

(Continued on page 21)

which, after all, should not be blamed for failing to read at first sight the crabbed handwriting of the composer. Fraulein Veltheim, famous for her bravura singing, followed. Then Chopin, facing a now sympathetic audience, improvised. Oddly enough, in his letter to Titus, he does not mention the themes he had selected for improvisation. But history can supply the omission. A theme from "La Dame Blanche," by Boieldieu, was the first, and a Polish melody, "Chmiel," the second. ("Chmiel" is a song in the Mazurka measure, sung by Poles at marriage ceremonies at the moment when the sister of the bride places the cap on her head.) After this the pianist modestly reports that his hearers seemed pleased, that in return he had to bow his thanks. As a matter of fact he received a Padewski-like reception, and tired himself acknowledging the applause. The orchestra, contrary to its custom, had remained for the improvisation, and was as enthusiastic as the public. The puzzling mixture of honey and absinthe in the new music could not disguise the extraordinary musicianship of the young man. Vienna literally saw the rising of a new star amidst the musical constellations. Fashionable folk sought him; Prince Lichnowsky, the friend of Beethoven, among the rest. Chopin took all the flattery and invitations as a matter of course;

THE GAME



"The right will win." I hope it's true.
Most folks, I think, are hoping that;
But I have noticed—haven't you?—
That Right is rather weak at bat.

And though 'twere hard to duplicate
Some players on Right's fielding roll,
Wrong's men, while prone to errors great,
Show more of team work on the whole.

Right's pitchers, too, though strong to stem
The hitting streaks of Wrong's array,
Are quite erratic, some of them,
And apt to throw the ball away.

And oft when Right imagines he
Has piled a safe and winning score,
Wrong fills the bases rapidly,
And bang! A homer scoring four.

Sometimes I'm more than half afraid
The Umpire, at approach of night,
Will call the game so closely played
And leave it undecided quite.

Walter G. Doty



WAR IS HELL

Paris importations being scarce, American
society adopts a temporary expedient.

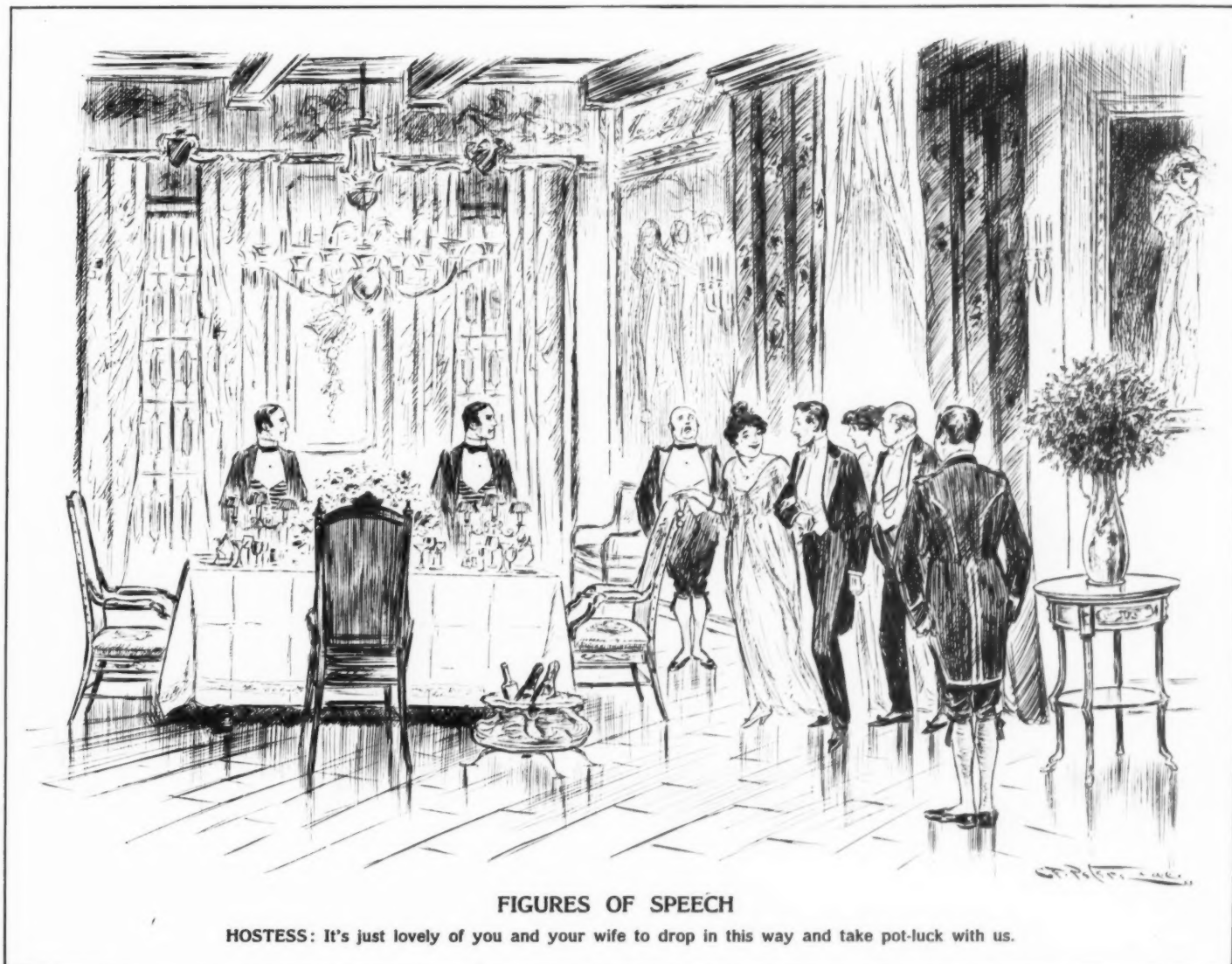
HENCE THESE CHEERS

"Who are those people who are cheering?" asked the recruit as the
soldiers marched to the train.

"Those," replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."

The reason why so many man fail to come back
is because they have never been anywhere

News is the intelligence of a few things before they happen
and of a great many things which never happen at all.



FIGURES OF SPEECH

HOSTESS: It's just lovely of you and your wife to drop in this way and take pot-luck with us.



Maud Muller

Once More Brought up to Date



Maud Muller on a summer's day,
With a tango movement raked the hay.

The Judge stepped out of his runabout,
Snapping his fingers, and gave a shout:

"You little peach! Will you trot with me?"
Maud shyly murmured: "Certainly!"

And away they went o'er the meadow there,
To the whistled notes of the "Grizzly Bear."

But the Judge had weathered a goodly span
Of years since he was a spry young man;

He held his breath and essayed a dip—
His feet flew up, and he cracked his hip.

Then he sighed as he limped toward his car again:
"In my younger days—it might have been!"

Maud watched the Judge's auto fade,
And sighed for the money she might have made,

By teaching a geezer old as he,
The latest steps, for a handsome fee.



A HEROINE IN THE MOVIES

Since the method of indicating emotion in moving-picture acting is very simple, any girl can learn to play the heroine's part by following these simple instructions:

Sadness.—Tremolo eyelashes; heave breast; turn head to one side; heave breast some more; shrug shoulders; more heaves.

Love.—Ditto, but heave crescendo.

Excitement.—Some more ditto. Heave fortissimo. Clutch the air at each side, letting it go immediately.

Danger.—Clutch breast, which, as previously indicated, must continue heaving; work head from side to side; nibble at fist when situation gets desperate; clutch and heave *ad lib.*

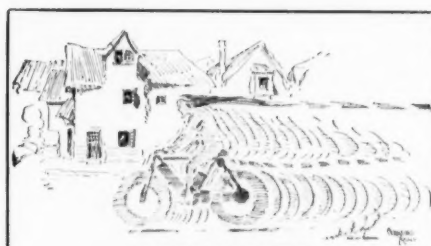
Happiness.—Tilt head backward; smile, showing teeth; kiss ring, if just engaged; don't forget to heave.

General Instructions.—Practice falling, running, and heaving.

QUEERING HIS ACT

THE BOOKING AGENT: I can give you a split week at the Morpheus Theater.

THE MONOLOG ARTIST: I can't work at that show shop. My whole act depends on a line where I ask the orchestra leader if he's a married man and they've got a lady orchestra.



LADY GODIVA

ALMOST MODEST SHE WOULD
HAVE BEEN ON A MOTORCYCLE

THE USUAL THING

"He declares that the inhabitants of this town are a lot of pusillanimous petrifications, that their knocking resounds day after day like a drum-corps on parade, and that they are so moss-grown that a herd of reindeer could feed on their backs."

"Eh-yah! What was the graft he tried to work here and failed?"

THE DOCTOR'S DESIRE

"How'll yeh have yer eggs?" demanded the busy waitress.

"As well as could be expected under the circumstances," replied the absent-minded physician.

CARELESS

MR. PESTER: I dreamed I had uncounted gold.
MRS. PESTER: That's just like you. You never even take the trouble to count your change.

"Mon Dieu!"



or the Purple Papillon

By Mercer Vernon

Illustrations by Ralph Barton

"Mon dieu!" wailed the Marquise de la Montbeliard.

The Marquise had lived with the late Marquis just often enough, in the six or seven years of their married life, to learn to use this phrase with the utmost security and effect.

"Mon dieu."

It was just at this trying juncture that the portieres parted, and Henri d'Adhemar Paulloc, spatted, monocled and scented, appeared in the doorway, noiselessly and unannounced.

"Mon dieu," he exclaimed, as his eyes took in the disarray of the room, and his ears recorded the panicky sobs of the undulating Marquise. "What-evair ees zee mattair?"

He hastened to her side, and lifted her trembling form to a sitting posture upon the chaise longue. But she did not appear to be surprised. Indeed, thought M. Paulloc, it was quite as though she had faithfully expected just such a savior as himself to arrive at this particular moment, and that he had arrived just as she had faithfully expected, or something like that. He noticed that the Marquise's three Persian kittens—the most immaculately white kittens one could ever expect to see, and with the most luminous, searching eyes that ever were placed in the heads of Persian kittens—were ranged in perfect symmetry before their wailing mistress.

"Tell me, Madame," Paulloc insisted. "Tell papa."

"Mon dieu," the Marquise sniffed; "it is terrible. I will tell you all. It is my nerves, Paulloc—my despicable, jangling nerves. They have ruined my temper. And now—now—" The Marquise broke into renewed tears as Paulloc stroked her plump hand reassuringly.

"And now, mon dieu, they have turned me against my beloved kittens. They have turned me against P-p-ierrot, whom I love, P-p-ierrette, whom



"Mon dieu!"

I adore, and P-p-papillon, my angel love. They are s-s-so w-w-white. S-s-so g-g-ghostly white. I can't stand them. What shall I do, mon dieu, mon dieu!"

"Mon dieu," responded Paulloc, sympathetically. He would have said more, but plainly there was nothing more to be—but wait! An idea!

"Madame," cried the excited youth, "have you not thought of Monsieur LeGros—zee monsieur who can

A bit of burlesque won Puck's \$100 prize for this week. In the next issue will appear Cleveland Moffett's "A Masterful Man." For particulars of prize contest see page 3.

change in one short day zee color of Pierrot, Pierrette, Papillon? Zee monsieur who operates zee dye works. It would not be necessair, Madame, to change zem all. One, only, Mad-



"Regardez!"

ame. Two would be white, like zee fantom, but here and zere, Madame, would be ze third—Papillon, par exemple—no longer white, but—what color, Madame?"

The Marquise's eyes were almost as big as those of the kittens.

"Scarlet, Madame?" cried the impetuous Paulloc. "Yellow? Green?"

The Marquise was carried away by Paulloc's eloquent appeal.

"Mon dieu," she cried ecstatically. "Incomparable Paulloc. But red, green—"

"Purple, Madame," he cried; "a purple Papillon!"

Paulloc bounded from his seat on the chaise longue, rushed into the Marquise's boudoir to

the 'phone, and was soon connected with Monsieur LeGros.

Had Monsieur a process to transform the color of Madame's ghostly Papillon from white to purple?

Oui, oui, certainement. A process truly remarkable, and for no other purpose whatsoever.

And could Monsieur call to-day for the ghostly Papillon, and thus relieve Madame's nerves?

Oui, oui, immediatement. And had Monsieur an appropriate shade of purple for the ghostly Papillon? Oui, oui. A shade truly exquisite. And Monsieur would take particular pains with Papillon? Certainement! And Monsieur would call to-day? Oui, monsieur. Right away quick.

It was a happy, light-hearted Paulloc who called at the apartment of the Marquise de la Montbeliard in the Avenue of the Presidents a few days later. Paulloc's enlivenment of spirit increased perceptibly as he brushed aside the portieres and gazed again upon the Marquise's drawing-room in which had been staged the little tragedy of a few days before. In was in perfect order. And, there, quite in the center of the room sat Pierrot and Pierrette, white and ghostly, as heretofore—and Papillon, a gorgeous purple from the tip of his fluffy tail to the top of his kingly head! Paulloc thrilled with joy at this evidence of the success of his great inspiration. He wished passionately that someone were near whom he might kiss—once, twice, three times—on either cheek and then on the brow. But his heart almost stopped beating when a flood of hysterical sobs burst forth from the Marquise's boudoir across the hallway.

"Madame," cried the alarmed Paulloc, as he rushed into her presence; "Madame, what-evair—"

The Marquise raised a tear-stained face feebly to Paulloc, and put out a frantic hand.

Plainly, the Marquise's nerves were jangling again. "Mon dieu, Paulloc!" she wailed. "It is too terrible! I am a broken-hearted woman! Mon dieu!"

"But, Madame," Paulloc protested; "I do not understand. Papillon—he ees no longer white, like zee fantom. He is purple—gorgeous, beautiful. Zee ees zee variety. Ees eet not so Madame?"

The Marquise collapsed upon her pillow for a moment, and then arose and led Paulloc



"Mon dieu!"

(Continued on page 23)

THAT IMPORTED STUFF.
"MAX ANOTHER THIMBLEFUL OF PILSENER
AND NOT SO MUCH FOAM"



AUX ARMES CITOYENS

"DE PRICE GONE UP ON ACCOUNT
O'DE WAH! DON' BRING UP DAT
OLE SUBJECT AGAIN - DAR AIN
NO NOTH AN' DAR AIN NO SOUF,
MAN!"



THE RESERVES, BEING UNABLE TO RETURN, THEY



NO MORE PARIS FASHIONS -
WAR IS HELL INDEED!

HY MAVER'S work
appears regularly and
exclusively in Puck.



OUR VALIANT CORRESPONDENT

WAR FRIVOLITIES



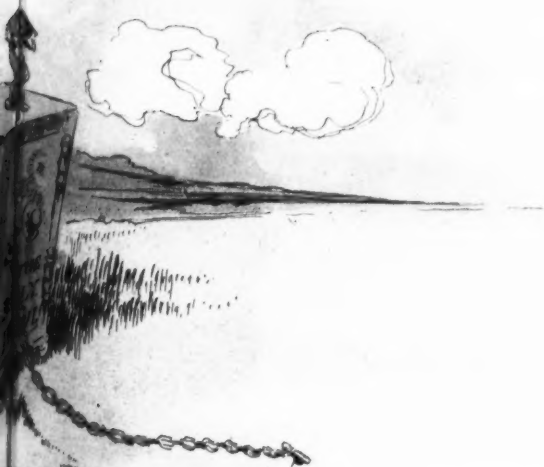
"TEACHER CAN'T GET BACK FROM EUROPE."
A STUDY FROM LIFE -



RETURN, THEY MIGHT FIGHT IT OUT OVER HERE -



"DASH IT ALL, THEY'RE
PRINTING THE BASE BALL NEWS
ON THE TENTH PAGE NOW!"



CORRESPONDENT, AT THE FRONT -



"DE OTHER GEMMAN HAS GONE TO WAH, SO
I'SE DE FRENCH WAITAH HEAH NOW."

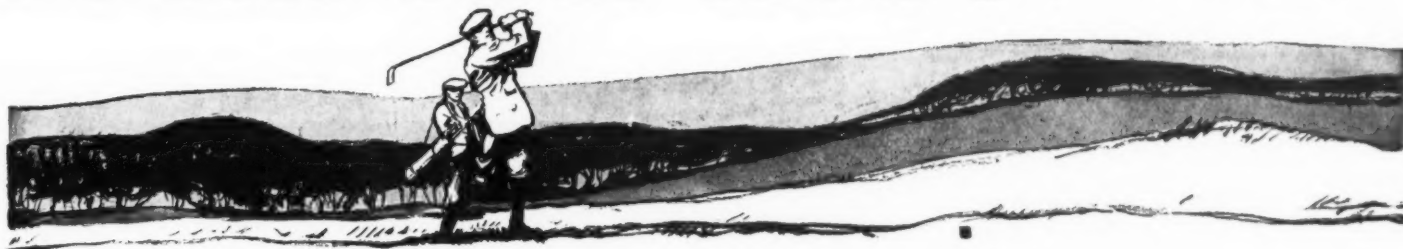
By HY MAYER



DRAWN BY WILL HOUGHTON

PEBBLES ON THE BEACH

PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT *by* P.A. VAILE



Author of "Modern Golf," "The Soul of Golf," "How to Learn Golf," Etc.

"WHY VARDON PUTTS BADLY"

"Why Vardon putts badly" sounds rather silly just now

when he has but recently annexed his sixth open championship, but it wasn't silly in January of this year when I wrote the article so intitled—for then he was putting badly, and unless he had "sat up and taken notice" he would still be putting badly, and probably would not be the open champion.

Now, this is a case of "I told you so" that I am about to inflict on you, but it isn't in the nature of a private boost of my own unlimited stock of golf—er—literature. That would, indeed, be a work of supererogation.

My excuse for pulling out this story is its great importance to countless golfers, who are rotten putters because they followed Harry Vardon in their choice of a putter and their manner of using it, and who can be good putters if they will be consistent and still follow his example.

In January of this year I said: "It is generally conceded that Vardon's putting is the weakest portion of his play. In fact, it is hardly going too far to say that his work on the green is not worthy of the rest of his game. Vardon's weakness near the hole has been ascribed to a great many different causes, such as illness, temperament and so on. Of course, at various times these causes may have contributed to this famous player's inaccuracy with his putter; but, as a matter of fact, there are two outstanding reasons why Vardon does not putt well, and why he will not putt well so long as these reasons continue to exist.

"The first is that he taps his putt. The second is that he uses a shallow-faced putter."

It's bad enough to have to quote oneself in this manner, dear brethren, but it's "kind of rubbing it in" to put it in italics—nevertheless I am doing it, and again I ask you to bear with me. I really am doing it for your sake. I could absorb my weekly wad on many other pretexts, which would jar less on the delicate tracery of my nervous system, but I prefer to immolate myself on the altar of "dooty," and risk your condemnation.

I proceeded to say: "No man who taps his putts can be so consistently good on the green as a man who plays his stroke by means of the orthodox swing,

which partakes, as much as possible, of the nature of the swing of a pendulum."

Pray bear with me a little longer and it will pay you well, or, if it doesn't, it will give you something wherewith to reform at least half a dozen of your pals.

I explained very fully why these two things are so inimical to good putting. I showed that the man who taps his ball has to trust too much to muscular memory—that is to say, he has to remember and judge each time how much force to put into his muscles to obtain the necessary length—whereas the man who plays his putt by the pendulum method has a much better chance of regulating his distance by the length of his swing back.

I showed also how the "tapper" always has a tendency to play down on the ball, and how,

naturally, he often gets his shallow-faced putter beneath the center of the ball, which is fatal to accuracy, for often, by reason of hitting the grass a fraction of a second before he gets the ball, he will compress it and so try to putt with the top edge of his putter.

This actually happens again and again, but not one golfer in a hundred realizes that he is using a knife-edge on pimples for putting—yet so it frequently is.

This is an extreme case to illustrate the futility of the shallow face and the "tapping" or "stabbing" of putts.

The error is bad enough in any case, but it is ten times worse in a short putt than in an approach putt. Here the strength may hold the ball to its work a little, and so, in a measure, overcome the mischief, but this is not so in any putt near the hole. Its delicacy calls for a perfect club and proper playing of the stroke.

The first time I saw James Braid putting he was trying a Vaile putter for me, as I wanted his opinion of it. To my surprise he came down on the ball from behind and finished on the green two or three inches in front of where the ball had been—a veritable push shot.

I was so astonished, that without thinking of his four or five open championships, I said: "Do you always putt that way?"

"Aye," said Braid, in his slow methodical way, "and it's the best way, too."

I really didn't care to tell him that it wasn't. I was quite unknown in the golf world then, and it would have required what a New York friend of mine calls the "noive o' 'ell" to give him a lesson in putting—but I can assure you that I thought most vigorously.

Braid then was a very bad putter, as he deserved to be. He and Vardon and Taylor, in the books alleged to be by them, all tell the unfortunate golfer that putting cannot be taught, but Braid goes back on that in "Advanced Golf," and says, as any ordinary nut knows, that it can—that he himself was a rotten putter and that he made himself a good performer on the green.

The funny thing is that he doesn't know how he did it. Well, let me tell you. He did it in exactly the way I indicated in the article I have quoted. He gave up stabbing and took to using a putter without a silly loft and with a reasonably high face.

(Continued on page 22)



THOUGHTS OF A FELLOW

Oh, isn't it a thing sublime
To know a maiden likes you,
That she will wed you any time
The wedding notion strikes you,

That she aspires to wear your ring
To dazzle foes and friends true—
But isn't it a solemn thing
To know that she intends to!



"THAT'S RIGHT! RUB IT IN!"

A MAN that would exchange a farm for a steam yacht would exchange a government bond for an onion; a matured life-insurance policy for a barrel of excelsior; a library of books for a 1906 almanac; a \$10,000 job for a chance to enlist in the navy; a roll of bills for a lottery ticket.

A man that would exchange a farm for a steam yacht is deaf, dumb, blind, and has not been just right since birth. He would fold a serpent in his bosom, open the door to a burglar, throw handsprings in front of the Twentieth Century Limited, or teach his daughter the one-step.

A man that would exchange a farm for a steam yacht has never read a newspaper, never seen a locomotive, thinks the North Pole is in Poland;

NOT ON YOUR LIFE

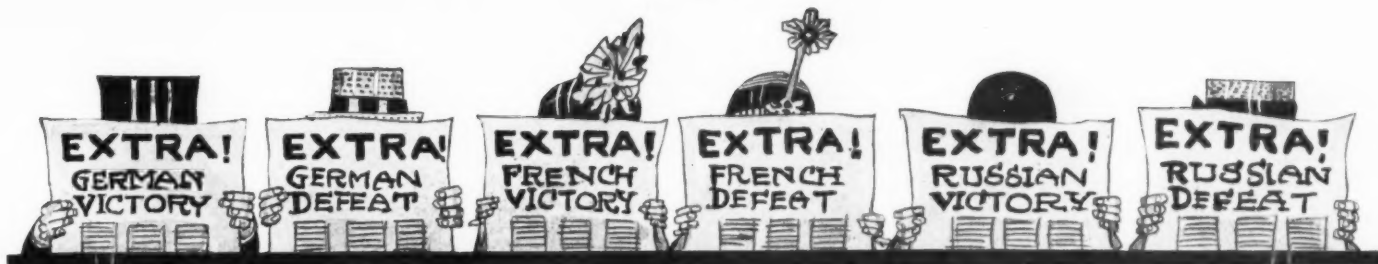
FARM WANTED in exchange for steam yacht 110 feet long, 16 foot beam; in perfect order; grand new boiler, etc. Address, etc.

believes that Abraham Lincoln is still President, and would dig for the treasure of Captain Kidd. He is a mutt raised to the Nth power; his head is of the finest grain teak timber, and his family has two strong men constantly near him.

Show me a Dane that loves Dr. Cook; show me a railroad director that cherishes the Interstate Commerce Commission; the book publisher that hobnobs with Comstock; the chorus-girl that hopes never to be on the front page of the Sun-

day edition; and I will show you a man that would exchange a farm for a steam yacht.

I have a little farm, friend. In the summer I raise vegetables upon its smiling bosom; and in the winter, during the chill session, I place tenderly upon that same bosom another mortgage to keep it warm. I would not exchange one roost of its little hencoop for that grand new boiler of yours, friend; nor would I exchange one leaf of my least cherished poison ivy plant for your sixteen feet of beam. Remember the fate of the grasshopper and the wisdom of the ant! When the winter comes I shall be eating the luscious eggs, those priceless "favors of recent date." You, owner of a steam yacht, what will you be doing?



THE NEWS IN RIME

Berlin:—The Kaiser's militants
Have swept the Belgian border;
The French were driven from Alsace
In positive disorder.
A German cruiser took a prize
Worth uncomputed millions;
We soon will be
In gay Paree,
A-dancing French cotillions!



Paris:—French reservists checked
The enemy's advances;
The German troops were discomposed
By our ferocious glances!
Alsace is wearing Fleurs de Lys,
Lorraine will soon be captured,
French heels will tramp
The Kaiser's camp,
And we are quite enraptured.

From Brussels:—Belgian aeroplanes
Have won an airy battle;
Our soldiers said that they could hear
The German molars rattle.
From Amsterdam:—The corks are out
And half the nation watered—
The foe will meet
A damp Dutch treat,
And then be gently slaughtered.

London:—We have been informed
By special correspondent,
That news is very, very scarce,
But we are not despondent.
Sir Adm'ral Craddock's British Fleet
Has cleared the sea for shipping,
Our laureled bard
Is fighting hard,
And everything is ripping.

St. Petersburg:—The Russian Arms
Are sweeping all before them,
Our Cossacks take no prisoners—
Such details merely bore them.
Vienna:—Russia's skirmishers
Were scuttled by our raiders,
We'll shortly curb
The frenzied Serb,
And swat the Tzar's invaders.

From Tokio:—Japan announced
Her fleet would shortly show up,
To give the Honorable Foe
A most exalted blow-up.
Scutari:—Montenegrin troops
Are charging under fire;
The price of food
Is almost rude,
And champagne's getting higher.



The whole of Europe is upset,
From peasantry to peerage;
Our most advanced Americans
Came home a la the steerage.
A batch of Continental spies
Were shot upon presumption;
We're glad our task
Is watch-and-bask,
And rah! for Woodrow's gumption!
Dana Burnet



COMPRESSED POEMS

FOR BUSY PEOPLE

Adapted for 5 in. Book-Shelf in a Modern Flat

Curfew.
 Day's thru.
 Herds low,
 Go slow.
 Man's now
 Left plow,
 Home plods,
 'Most nods.
 With him
 Goes glim.
 World he
 Leaves me.

3 Breaks

At ft. of crags, O. C.
 10 der grace of day thats dead
 Never back to me.

Revelry
 By night.
 Chivalry.
 Lamps bright.
 Women fair,
 Brave men.
 Music's swell.
 Love then.
 Merry as
 Marriage-bell.
 Hark! a sound
 Like knell!

I chatter (twice)
 As I flow
 To join brim'g river.
 Men may come
 " " go,
 But I " on forever.

1½ leagues onward.
 Valley of Death.
 600.
 "Forward, Light Brigade.
 Charge for guns!" he said.
 Into same val.
 600.



THE RAKE'S PROGRESS

"Take my tip, Sammy, an' don't go blowin' yerself off to chewin'-gum an' things. When ye git to be my age, ye'll find out there ain't nothin' to it."



As a Dinner Party Seems to Bridget

Hear sledges with bells—
 Silver " "
 What world of merriment melody foretells!
 How they tinkle (3 times)
 In the icy ear of night!
 While the stars that oversprinkle
 All heavens seem to twinkle
 With crystalline delight;
 Keeping time (3)
 In sort of Runic rhyme,
 To tin(2)nabulation that musically wells
 From bells (7)
 From { jing } ling of bells.
 { tink }

EXPLAINED

HIS FIANCEE: Tell me, Count, why do you always kiss my left hand?
 THE COUNT: You are left-handed, are you not?
 HIS FIANCEE: Yes.
 THE COUNT: Then that is ze hand with which you sign ze checks, is it not?

DECISIVE VICTORY

MRS. CRAWFORD: I hear she beat her husband in her cross-suit for divorce.
 MRS. CRABSHAW: I should say she did! The judge awarded her both the children and the auto.

NEW YORK CITY DICTIONARY

Well-Known Broker.—Anybody who owns a car in an automobile accident.

THE UPWARD TREND

A certain widow, unable to be so unmodern as not to spare the rod, was wont to hire her boy for being good.

For awhile the boy was content to be good for ten cents. The widow's resources were such that she could afford ten cents.

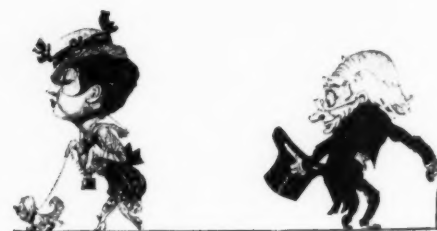
Then the boy demanded a quarter.

"But, my son, ten cents has always been enough!" the widow protested.

"Nevertheless the cost of being good has steadily gone up," the boy insisted. "Every time I am good for ten cents I lose money."

A GOOD THING

A good thing is the thing to do,
 E'en though it be a wee one;
 And I can say, 'tween me and you,
 I'd rather do than be one.



Never Too Old to Turn

PICKING OUT A MACHINE

JOHNSON: Hello, Jackson, old sport! Haven't seen you in a dog's age. Where you bound?

JACKSON: Oh, I'm going up the street a ways going to pick out a machine for my wife. She asked me to stop in and look at some she priced the other day, and see what I thought of them.

JOHNSON (*much impressed*): Gee! I didn't know there was a place around here. What kind of a one are you going to get? Mind if I walk along?

JACKSON: Not at all, glad to have the benefit of your advice. Why, I don't know what kind of a machine I'm going to get. I'm no great hand at remembering names. I guess there isn't much in a name after all. If I see one that runs all right and suits me, and doesn't make a noise like a flat wheel trolley, I'll buy it, no matter what name it calls itself.

JOHNSON: That's the way to talk. But you'll insist on having a demonstration, of course?

JACKSON: Oh, sure! I'll get 'em to run the thing for me, and show off its fine points.

JOHNSON: Had any experience with 'em?

JACKSON: No, I don't know any more about the thing than a cow does; but my wife, she does, of course. She says the one she's got is about worn out; that it makes a fearful racket, and doesn't run well for a cent.



GROUCH

THE BIG ONE: Sore? Sure, I'm sore! I expected a nice beef bone for my birthday and all I got was this diamond dog-collar.

JOHNSON: Oh, the best of them do that at times, they say; and when you consider the up-keep and all that, they're pretty darned expensive things.

JACKSON: That's true, they are. Of course, you can get a cheap one, but that sort is never satisfactory. It turns out to be the most expensive kind in the end every time. I'm willing to pay a good price and get the best. I don't mean elaborate trimmings and fancy business, but, you understand, the real thing in the matter of mechanism.

JOHNSON: Yes, that is about the way I've always felt about it. I've always felt that until

I could afford to buy a really good one, I'd struggle along without any at all. When I can buy a first-class top-notch machine for about three hundred dollars, why —

JACKSON: Three hundred dollars? Why, man alive, what are you talking about? Three hundred—why, you can get as fine a machine as you like for from sixty to seventy-five!

JOHNSON: Seventy-five dollars? Are you stringing me? Lead me to the place where I can buy a machine for seventy-five plunks, and I'll blow you to one. You mean a second-hand one, don't you?

JACKSON: Second-hand? I guess *not*! Brand-new and never used. Why, the one that we're discarding all my wife paid for it, I think, was forty dollars; and if you want to, you can buy them on the instalment plan.

JOHNSON: Oh, I say, old man, this is too much! Either I'm dippy or you are. Who the blazes ever heard of a brand-new automobile for only forty dollars? Why —

JACKSON: Whoever said anything about an automobile?

JOHNSON: Didn't you say, when you met me, that you were going up the street to buy a machine?

JACKSON: Sure; a sewing-machine. 'Here's the place. Ta, ta!

JOHNSON: Well, I'll be —



TAKING THE COUNT

"Ah, Mademoiselle, but say ze one little yes, and ze illustrious name of Sczxwytszewzy is thine!"



Peace, prosperity and credit are more appreciated at the present moment than ever before in their taken-for-granted career. Likewise the New York Stock Exchange has received extensive encomiums. But it required a panic to evolve a realization of its efficiency and of its necessity.

There lurks in the minds of many individuals an undefined notion that war is beneficial in some directions if not as a general proposition. They think they discern certain economic advantages and, while deploring the loss of life and the anguish of stricken homes, believe that victorious nations reap material reward. Touching this point, it may be well to quote from Norman Angell's "Great Illusion" the following impressive paragraph: "That as the only possible policy in our day for a conqueror to pursue is to leave the wealth of a territory in the complete possession of the individuals inhabiting that territory, it is a logical fallacy and an optical illusion in Europe to regard a nation as increasing its wealth when it increases its territory, because when a province or state is annexed, the population, who are the real and only owners of the wealth therein, are also annexed, and the conqueror gets nothing. The facts of modern history abundantly demonstrate this. When Germany annexed Schleswig-Holstein and Alsatia not a single ordinary German citizen was one pfennig the richer. Although England 'owns' Canada, the English merchant is driven out of the Canadian markets by the merchant of Switzerland, who does not 'own' Canada."

Destruction can never be construed as a bull argument, but it appears that civilization still advances along the lines of war.

The hatred evolved and intensified by the present European war will make certain commercial travelers exceedingly unpopular when they call upon some of their former customers in neighboring countries.

What has become of the uneasiness of those who were worrying about the decision of the Interstate Commerce Commission?

The theory that great armies and many battleships serve to prevent war has gone deplorably to smash, and with it, perhaps, the economic wastefulness of militarism.

Two Americans dined in a Parisian restaurant just after war was declared. Their bill was twenty-five francs and they tendered a hundred franc note. The proprietor shook his head. "How much gold and silver have you?" he asked. They summed up about eighteen francs in metal pieces. "Give me that and call it square," said the restaurant man, thus expressing his opinion of paper money.

One of the economic results of war is the survival of the unfittest—the weak, the halt, and the lame, who could not measure up to the requirements of the military schedule.

Because of the excitement brought about by the war Wall Street entirely forgot to pay any heed to the centenary of the locomotive, which has certainly contributed its fair share to the up-keep of the Stock Exchange. In order that the event may not be entirely ignored, let it be repeated here that on July 25, 1814, George Stephenson tested his first locomotive, which succeeded in drawing eight loaded cars, weighing thirty tons, at the rate of four miles an hour. That was in the coal country of the Tyne. In 1829, Stephenson built the "Rocket" which attained a speed of twenty-nine and one-half miles an hour, at a trial, in which it won a prize of five-hundred pounds. Our most respectful tribute to the "Father of Railways!"

In view of the advance in the price of sugar, the sugar stocks assume an interesting position. American Sugar Refining was organized in 1891. There are forty-five millions of seven per cent cumulative preferred stock, and a like amount of common. The preferred dividend has been paid regularly since 1891. The common paid as high as twenty-two per cent in 1893. For six years, beginning 1894, it paid twelve per cent, in 1900 six and one-half per cent, and since then seven per cent. The high and low for the preferred during 1914 was 113% and 107%. The common sold at 109% and at 97. The closing prices, July 30th, were 108 for the preferred, and 101 for the common. The American Beet Sugar Company was incorporated in 1899. The capital stock consists of five million non-cumulative six per cent preferred, and fifteen million common. The dividends on the preferred have been paid regularly since 1899. An initial dividend of one and one-quarter per cent was paid on the common November 15, 1911, which

policy was continued up to and including November 15, 1912. For the year ending March 31, 1912, there was a surplus of \$518,600; for 1913, of \$393,500, and for 1914, of \$152,074. These amounts were applied to working capital. It is to be remembered in connection with beet sugar, that the tariff reduced the duty on the foreign product twenty-five per cent, effective March 1, 1914. The high and low for 1914 were, for the preferred 75%, and 66, and for the common 29%, and 19. The closing price July 30th for the common was 19. There were no dealings in the preferred.

Albert Ulmann

EVERYTHING GRIST TO HIS MILL

JEPHTHA: Yes, I've had a deal of trouble with my lungs lately, but I'm takin' Dr. Dough's Medicated Noodles for the liver. The lungs an' liver are in purty near the same locality, an' I thought the remedy, while healin' the liver might get in some good work on the lungs.

JEDEDIAH: Mebby, mebby. But what's that plaster on the back of your neck for got a bile?

JEPHTHA: Oh, no; but with every dozen packages of the Medicated Noodles I get a coupon redeemable in one Imperial Carbuncle Extractor. I always believed the right way to do is to git an' enjoy whatever you can.

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THE SEVEN ARTS

(Continued from page 8)

music, so marvellous was the tactile sensibility of the Pole. At twenty Chopin was more Byronic than Byron; but a poet, and a poet with a sense of humor.

Constantia Gladowska is on his mind. He eagerly questions Jan about her doings—whether she is meeting with success at her concerts (she sings); whether—and now the jealousy of Frederic peeps forth—the usual crowd of Russian officers hang about her—Gresser, Besobrasow, Pisarewzewski—he knows their names. You again overhear his passionate cry, "Dogs!" With Chopin the patriot kept pace with the patriot. Listen to his polonaises, or to the passionate study in C minor, composed at the time of the Warsaw insurrection. These letters are very interesting, especially the one addressed to Jan Matuszynski, dated Christmas, 1830.

Chopin's Personality

Georges Mathias, of Paris, once sketched the personality of Chopin in a few sincere strokes. Mathias—dear, charming old gentleman, how well I remember him at Paris in 1879!—was a pupil of the immortal Pole, and spoke of his alluring, hesitating, gracious, feminine manner, and air of supreme distinction. He held his shoulders high, after the style of Poles at that period—the early forties. Chopin often met Kalkbrenner, his antipodes in everything but breeding. But Chopin disliked the pompous old pianist, with his affected airs and stinginess. Mathias was filled with glee at the idea of Chopin profiting from Kalkbrenner's instruction; it would have been the reverse, he affirmed. At Louis Viardot's—later the friend of Turgenev, and husband of the famous singer, Pauline Viardot-Garcia—Chopin met Thalberg, and that great master of the arpeggio, and possessor of one of the finest singing touches ever heard on a keyboard, received with haughty "humility" the compliments of the Polish pianist, not quite believing in their sincerity. Perhaps he was right, for Chopin made mock of his mechanical style when the others back was turned. His imitation of the "Moses in Egypt" fantasy, once beloved of schoolgirls, was, according to Mathias, very funny. "What a jury of pianists," he exclaims, "in the old days of the Salle Erard! Doehler, Dreyschock, Leopold de Meyer, Zimmermann, Thalberg (who visited the United States in the fifties), Kalkbrenner—how they all curiously examined the Polish black swan, with his original style and extraordinary technique!" A row over Liszt's transcription of Beethoven's song, "Adelaide," is mentioned.

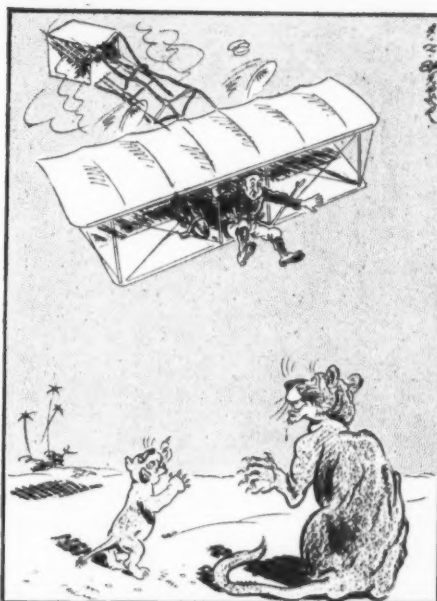
Chopin as Pianist

And Chopin, pianist! He played as he composed—in an absolutely unapproachable manner. Doubtless he would be shocked to hear his music mangled in the hands of some modern Sandow of the keyboard; torn into unmelodic splinters, yet each splinter exhaling a sigh under the furious fingers of the misguided pianist. Mathias discussed the much-debated "tempo rubato," and settles the question, although Liszt's illustration of the unshaken tree with the shimmering leaves is as happy as when first conceived. Chopin admired Weber. Their natures had certain contacts. Once, after Mathias had played the noble, chivalrous sonata in A flat, Chopin exclaimed: "Un ange passait dans le ciel." Mathias first met Chopin in 1840 in the rue de la Chaussee d'Antin 38. The house no longer exists, having been demolished by the cutting through of the rue Lafayette. He moved later to the rue Tronchet, No. 5. The house was there as late as 1900, since then I haven't been in that street. Chopin occupied the first floor. Mathias came to him for his initial lesson, with a piece by Kalkbrenner, named, "Une Pensee de Bellini." It is easy to picture the horrified expression on the face of the teacher, who detested artificial salon music. He gave the boy the A minor concerto of Hummel and the Moscheles studies. When ill, which was not unfrequently, his pupil, Fontana, gave the lessons. One day Chopin was too weak to leave his couch, but received visitors. Mathias noticed a copy of Schumann's beautiful "Carneval." It was the first edition, and Chopin, on being asked what he thought of the new music, replied in icy accents, giving the impression to Mathias that the work was painful to him. He could never speak well of music which he fancied was formally deficient, so he said as little as possible. And poor Robert Schumann, down at Leipzig, pouring out in his musical journal inky rhapsodies over Chopin!

Anecdotes

Mathias told me that Chopin was a simple man—"Je ne veux pas dire simple esprit"—and was no critic, was without literary pretensions, and not of the intellectual fibre of Liszt and Berlioz. When the aide-de-camp of King Louis Philippe once asked him why he did not compose an opera, he answered in that small, slightly stifled voice of his: "Ah, M. le Comte, let me compose music for the pianoforte, it's all I know how to do." Only that, but no one before or since has composed such beautiful music for the instrument. Despite the mechanical players—which fall in interpreting the soul of Chopin—the music of this Pole is perennial. Mathias said that Bach, Hummel, and Field were the strongest musical influences on him. One may well imagine his feelings if he could have heard the "Ring of the Nibelungs." A tender-hearted man, yet with the fire of a hero in his veins. More heroic, masculine music than found in the big F sharp minor polonaise, and in some of the ballades, studies, and preludes, has yet to be written.

Ruck



MANNA IN THE DESERT

BABY LION: Oh, Ma! Look at the lovely sandwich that is falling right down to us from Heaven!

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THROWING AWAY MONEY

BESSIE (who saw a dime pass): My goodness, Auntie! Did he charge full fare for me?

A teaspoonful of Abbott's Bitters with your Grape Fruit makes an ideal appetizing tonic. Sample of bitters by mail, 25 cts. in stamps. U. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

PUCK'S GOLF IDIOT

(Continued from page 15)

Now I want every golfer who ever followed Harry Vardon into the wilderness of despair, wherein dwell all slaves of the shallow-faced stabbing tools, to sit up and read most attentively what Mr. Francis Ouimet says of Harry Vardon's great win in England.

Here it is: "I think that Vardon's return to his old putting form had a great deal to do with his success. I took notice of his putting and he seemed to have rid himself of his fatal error of stabbing his short putts. He used an old-fashioned, straight-faced putter, and it certainly worked to very good advantage. His approach putting in the open championship was very fine."

How often, oh, how often, have I condemned the modern fads in putters, the broad soles, the foolish loft, the imbecile narrow, or shallow face.

Here, dear friends, is the practical proof of the soundness of my contention. Follow Harry Vardon now all ye who have done it in the past and enter into peace—and if you don't know the best putter in the world I will tell you.

The concluding words of my much-quoted article are: "It will be extremely interesting to see if Harry Vardon abandons the method of putting which made James Braid such a poor performer on the green, and, following in his footsteps, becomes an equally great, if not greater, putter."

I don't believe you want me to force the truth of what I say on you any further, but it means so much to so many of you that I may tell you that so sound a judge of golf as Alec Findlay, who has himself played over two thousand holes in competition with Vardon, thoroughly agreed with my criticism of Vardon's method and the danger of the shallow-faced putter.

ANTIS TRUE TO SPECIES

The National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage is certainly true to its sole and solitary principle, which is to be against everything that the other women want. Because the Suffragists don't meekly quit their fight and turn to making bandages for European soldiers, Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge fulminates a withering rebuke and thus concludes:

"It seems that upon us, the anti-Suffragists, depends the task of carrying out woman's duty, which is primarily to serve the Republic in those ways for which women are essentially suited. It also seems a final demonstration of the fact that woman suffrage will do neither the women nor the country the slightest possible good."

Just think how many bandages Mrs. Dodge might have made while she was manufacturing this utterance.

HIGHER EDUCATION

Viewed from every angle, the approaching football season promises to be a most remarkable and record-breaking period in the gridiron sport. More than two thousand colleges and high schools are scheduled in the East, South, and Middle West, and contests are to be played on every day except Sunday during the two and one-half months of the football cycle.—N. Y. Times.

This successfully disposes of the fall term at college, assuring the whiling away of time till the holidays. Then there will be the winter sports, the indoor meets, to make college life tolerable until baseball comes along and fills in the months before the summer vacation.

What time is set apart for education does not appear, but really it does not matter. Education is not to be allowed to interfere with the chief purpose of college life, which is to develop brawn, not brains, feet and fists, not heads.

PLEASANT FOR THE CALLER

CALLER: Is your mistress in?

MAID: Did you see her at the window as you came up the walk, ma'am?

CALLER: No.

MAID: Well, she said if you hadn't seen her to say that she was out.—Boston Transcript.

BEAUTIFYING THE BACKYARD

"How's this, son? Yesterday you cleaned up the back yard nicely, but to-day it looks worse than ever."

"It's not my fault, dad. I fired everything over the fence, but last night the kid next door slammed 'em back."—Exchange.

There's No Fun Like
Living Out of Doors

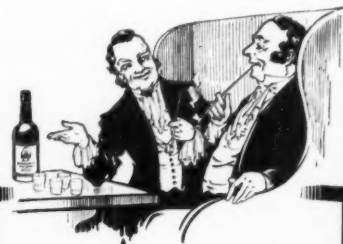
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Evans' Ale

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IRONY FROM JOHN BULL

Some enterprising firm had better start cheap excursions to America, so that we can see the Old Masters occasionally.—London Globe.



DIARY

March 22, 1814.

"Ah, out we had a comfortable time of it last night at the tavern—Ben with his long pipe at one end of the bench, I and my long pipe at the other—and a bottle of fine OLD OVERHOLT RYE on the table before us!"

Old Overholt Rye

"Same for 100 years"

Pure and delicious now as in the days when it cheered the hearts of our forefathers. Always uniform in purity and quality.

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"MON DIEU!"

(Continued from page 11)

again toward the drawing-room. She brushed aside the portieres: "Regardez!" she moaned.

Paulloc regarded, but saw nothing more than he had seen before.

"But, Madame!" the frantic youth exclaimed.

"Mon dieu, Paulloc," wailed the Marquise. "Can't you see? Is it not plain? Papillon is purple; but he is also spurned by Pierrot and Pierrette. They will have none of him. My precious Papillon—he is an outcast. And, oh, Paulloc, he was so proud, so—" The Marquise's hands covered her face. "Mon dieu, it is terrible. And my nerves, Paulloc—they are worse than before! Mon dieu!"

"Mon dieu!" groaned Paulloc.

It was all very plain to him now. As he looked at the kittens he noticed for the first time that Pierrot and Pierrette gazed disdainfully, and from a distance, at the converted Papillon. Poor Papillon! He must forever be a thing set solely apart—ostracized in his purple splendor, a freak, a monstrosity among Persian kittens—the proud Papillon, an outcast from his own exclusive circle, a thing to be scorned, perhaps, by a creature so low and despicable as an alley-cat!

And then Paulloc thought of himself, and of his wonderful inspiration that had come to such a miserable end. Had he lost all favor in the Marquise's eyes?

He reached out cautiously and took her hands in his. She sniffed. She yielded. He crushed himself to her breast and buried his head contritely on her ample shoulder.

"Mon dieu!" groaned the thoroughly shattered Paulloc.

"Mon dieu!" wailed the Marquise, as her uproarious nerves jangled again.

"Mon dieu!" screamed the outraged purple Papillon.

A BETTER TERM

"Not much of a town."

"One-horse, eh?"

"Well, a trifle faster than that. Suppose we say one-cylinder."

THE CYCLE

Bumper crops.
Bumpers.
Croppings.

Men of the smallest caliber are often the biggest bores.

"NEXT we must go to Algiers."
"I am tired out. Let's rest here in Naples for a few days. We can send our suit-cases to Algiers and have labels pasted on."—
Louisville Courier-Journal.

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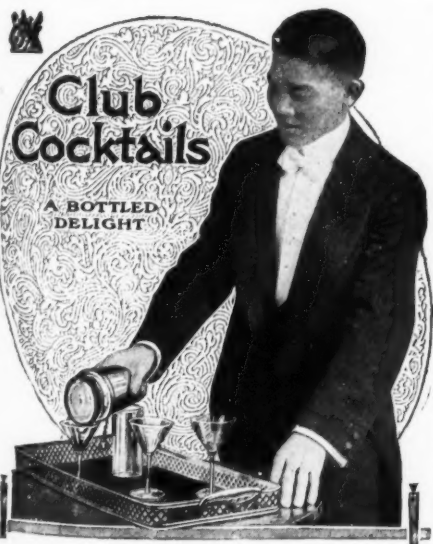
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